

THE DIAL

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BOYS AND GIRLS AND BOOKS.

The curse (we use the word deliberately) which at present rests upon the teaching of English literature in our elementary and secondary schools is the imposition upon young people of *a priori* programmes. We try to inculcate a love of literature by making boys and girls read books that they do not like, simply because in our Olympian opinion, and from our superior point of view, they ought to like them. The result is the natural one that a large proportion of our grammar and high-school children learn to hate the very name of literature, and by our injudicious treatment are cut off (many of them for good) from one of the chief joys of life. And yet nearly all of them have their literary interests, have somewhere in their mental make-up the germs of good taste. Any intelligent teacher, free to deal with the problem presented by a particular individual or even a particular class of students, can get at these interests and develop these germs. But this necessary freedom in diagnosis and treatment is denied to most teachers by the stupidity of the authorities placed over them, and they are condemned to the hopeless task of working within the rigid limits of prescribed texts and courses. The colleges, for example, announce that they will examine candidates in certain texts, and the consequence of this announcement is that thousands of hapless young students (to take two peculiarly flagrant cases of recent years) are set to studying Defoe's "History of the Plague" and Burke's speech on "Conciliation." Small wonder if, under these circumstances, the study of literature itself becomes a plague, because absolutely devoid of the sort of conciliation that is really needed. And if undue deference is not paid to the requirements of the colleges, there is never any lack of doctrinaires among superintendents and committeemen to devise programmes that are equally well calculated to destroy the nascent liking for literature that is the normal possession of healthy young minds.

This way of dealing with the most sacred interests of children is educational quackery and nothing else, whether it proceed from autocratic individuals or from bodies of educators in solemn conclave. It is the proprietary-

medicine principle applied to the treatment of the mind. The fatuousness of prescribing certain texts to be studied by children in certain stages of their education is so amazing that words are inadequate to deal with it. That one man's meat is another man's poison is a statement as true in psychology as it is in physiology. Imagine a body of representative physicians meeting for the purpose of preparing a course of drugs to be administered uniformly to young people of certain ages. At fifteen, let us say, they should take calomel for so many months, quinine for so many others, and thus throughout the whole period of development. The illustration is grotesque, no doubt, yet it offers a fair parallel to the methods of many educators when dealing with this delicate question of literary instruction. Mr. Ruskin once described himself as "a violent Tory," and the contemplation of such methods as these should be enough to make "a violent Individualist" of everyone having a proper appreciation of the aims to be kept in view by the teacher of literature. "Chaos is come again" would doubtless be the cry of the partisans of routine should their precious schemes be roughly set aside in the interests of the individual student. But in pedagogy, at least, there is one thing worse than chaos, and that thing is the sort of regimentation toward which so much of our modern education tends.

We are impelled to these observations by the recent publication of a small book called "An Introduction to the Study of Literature," compiled by Dr. Edwin Herbert Lewis. It is a book of detached pieces, about one hundred and fifty in all, and, as we look it over, our first impression is that it offers one more incentive to that "reading by sample" against which Mr. Pancoast protests so effectively in the last number of "The Educational Review." A further examination, disclosing such juxtapositions as William Cullen Bryant and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Walt Whitman and Mr. William Canton, Shakespeare on "the fop" and Cardinal Newman on "the gentleman," gives the impression that we are plunging into a sort of literary grab-bag, and curiosity as to what will come out next becomes the predominant element in the consciousness. But our thoughts take a more serious turn when we seek in the preface of the book to discover the principle upon which it has been put together. It then appears in its true light as an attempt (the first of its sort that has come to our knowledge) to place before young peo-

ple the kind of literature that they really like instead of the kind that their elders think they ought to like. The book is based upon actual experiment rather than upon *a priori* reasoning; each selection is the result of an induction from many observations rather than of a deduction from any pedantic principle. But in this matter Dr. Lewis must speak for himself.

First of all, he tells us that the appeal of literature should be made to the "highest normal interests" of the student. Then, "it must be ascertained by what stages the imagination, the emotions, and the character develop. Theoretically, there is a masterpiece for every month of the student's life. The surest way of learning where the masterpieces fit is to allow the student to 'browse' in a library." The following passage describes the method which has resulted in the volume now under consideration.

"Various classes in the Lewis Institute have been encouraged to 'browse,' to see if they might not hit upon a body of literature that would remain a constant interest to their equals in age. However imperfect and incomplete these investigations, the sifting process, upon which the students entered actively and honestly, has been of the greatest value to all concerned. It has shown that noticeable differences of interest exist between ninth and tenth, tenth and eleventh grades. In the nature-sense, for instance, as it appears in the youth not hopelessly hardened by 'business' aims, there are usually marked changes between thirteen and sixteen. The change is first from the child's scientific curiosity about nature to a half-poetic, but objective, interest in her; the boy becomes capable of direct, unreflecting joy in nature, or even of direct displeasure with her, in something of the Homeric manner; then he slowly grows to sympathize with the modern view, so much more imaginative and sometimes so much less wholesome than Homer's."

That the method thus outlined is the only rational one for the teaching of literature to young students seems to us beyond question. It makes the work attractive rather than forbidding. It coaxes the recalcitrant tastes and emotions instead of domineering over them. It prepares the way for that systematic study of literary history and aesthetics that has its undisputed place in the later stages of education, but is entirely out of place in the earlier years. We should not be taken to mean that Dr. Lewis has prepared a book that may properly be administered to any class of young people of the age with which he has dealt. That would be denying the fundamental principle of our philosophy. But he undoubtedly has prepared the best sort of book for his own particular set of young people, and a book, furthermore, which points to other teachers the way in which

they should get at the interests of their own students. Nor must it be imagined that his method runs to "chatter," or that it neglects the disciplinary aspect of instruction. He says at the outset that "there is need of Spartan severity regarding chirography, orthography, punctuation, syntax, and logic. The task of securing correctness by Spartan methods, and, at the same time, of arousing an unconstrained love for noble literature, is the almost hopeless labor set for the English teacher. Gradgrind and enemy of Gradgrind he must be within the same hour. But there is no escaping the double duty, and no denying that the second part of it is the more important." Note the emphasis of this latter clause, and note also the word "unconstrained," which must be the keynote of successful endeavor. It is because constraint is applied at the wrong points that our schools make so miserable a failure of that part of their work which should exemplify the most shining success. And this misapplied constraint, be it observed, rarely comes from the initiative of the intelligent teacher; it rather originates in the councils of those set above him in authority, and is transmitted by him, unwillingly enough, to the hapless victims of the system with which both teachers and students are burdened.

SPRIT OF SONG.

O where, O where,
 Into the blue engirdling vasts of air,
 As fair and evanescent as the dawn,
 O blithe and winged spirit, art thou gone,
 And why so far withdrawn?
 Of yore, of yore,
 When sea and shore
 Were glad with summer or with winter frore,
 I knew thy radiant presence eve and morn;
 Now am I lone and lorn!
 From day to day
 I wait thy coming in the old sweet way,—
 Thy zephyr-soft surprisings grave or gay;
 Thy tremulous minors and thy majors bold;
 Thy melodies manifold!
 Return, return,
 O thou for whom I yearn!
 Gladden my heart, as doth the stir of spring
 The earth, with vernal hopes on fairy wing,
 All clearly cadencing!
 So shall I know
 Once more the ecstasy, the thrill, the glow,
 That lifts above the whirl and surge of strife
 Wherewith the rondure of our days is rife,—
 So shall I touch the haloed heights of life!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. KIPLING'S "CYNICAL JINGOISM" TOWARD THE BROWN MAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have read with rather special interest the pages of your issue of May 16, in which Mr. Henry Austin (impelled by "the hardihood of intense conviction, coupled with a stern sense of duty") reproves a public given over to a "hysteria of unreasoned admiration," to a "toy tempest of flatulent adulation,"—of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

It is quite unnecessary for any admirer of Mr. Kipling's work to attempt any reply to assertions that the "Recessional" is inferior in technique and style to the work of "a dozen other English poets," particularly Mr. Rennell Rodd; or that "most of his verses" are "on the same plane with the work of many minor English and American poets." With all due respect to Mr. Austin, such statements, even when they appear in THE DIAL, violate all laws of physics by having no action except a reaction.

But when a journal like yours gives place to a characterization such as the following, I feel as if the most obscure reader had a right to protest. Mr. Austin, after quoting Dr. Felix Adler's denunciation of Mr. Kipling's "teaching as a gospel of force," goes on:

"It is not, however, with Kipling's jingoism and frank cynicism toward inferior races, as the Apostle of Force, of Might against Right, that literature is concerned, except inasmuch as these essentially pagan and very antiquated sentiments might be shown to affect his art."

Now, it is the penalty of candor to subject itself to misunderstanding as well as wilful misrepresentation; yet it is difficult to conceive how a man of Mr. Austin's intelligence can make a declaration of so peculiarly inaccurate and unjust a nature as the above, except on the supposition that he has not read a large majority of Mr. Kipling's writings. Here is an author who writes of things as they are—not as they might be; of men who do the world's work, dirty work, hard work, unpoetic work much of it,—not of those who delude themselves and others into believing that matters are as they would like to have them. He is perhaps more entirely sincere, more thoroughly free from hypocritical cant or shadow of self-deception than any writer now prominently before the public: it is very natural that such frank disregard of their little air-structures should offend the sentimentalists; but it is almost incredible that any fair-minded person could speak of his "cynicism toward inferior races" after even the most superficial examination of his stories and poems that deal with the natives of India and the Far East. Is this quality to be found in "The Masque of Plenty" ("Departmental Ditties")—written, too, when his work showed a far greater preponderance of head over heart than was later visible? Or perhaps in "The Song of the Women"? or "What the People Said"? Does Mr. Austin's "intense conviction" result from a contemplation of "The Ballad of East and West" or "Gunga Din," or, in prose, of "The Story of Muhammad Din," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Judgment of Dungara," "At Howli Thana," "Gemini," "The Sending of Dana Da," "On the City Wall," or any other of dozens of poems and stories which are to be found in Mr. Kipling's books?

What a miserably unfair thing it is, because an author

tells more intimately and openly than ever before of "Tommy Atkins"—whose chief business is policing and fighting black and brown men—to cry out upon him as the "Apostle of Might against Right"! Ignoring all the innumerable ways in which he has shown an understanding of the native, and a real manly, brotherly feeling for him, such as our literature does not equal elsewhere!

The truth is that Mr. Kipling has been the first man who has ever introduced the Anglo-Saxon to the real native of India—a fellow-man, with hopes and fears, and pride and resentment, and hopeless resignation. His best claim to attention is his infinite sympathy with all things animate and inanimate: this is the very warp and woof of his whole literary fabric. He has well earned the right to inscribe in his books as he has done in the beginning of his new "From Sea to Sea": "Write me as one that loved his fellow-men."

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.

New York, June 3, 1899.

FREE DISCUSSION OF THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In reading your timely and pertinent editorial on "The Menace to Free Discussion," in your issue of May 16, one smiles at the thought that Mr. Atkinson's little pamphlet should demoralize our soldiers at Manila. These soldiers can tell far more—those who have returned have told me far more—than Mr. Atkinson ever dreamed of, of the horrors of war and disease.

No doubt THE DIAL is right in believing that the impulse to emulate British colonial methods is "nothing more than a severe fever that will run its course and pass away." The heart of the patient is sound, and the reaction will come sooner or later. But one necessity of convalescence is that the patient be very careful to guard his ways. The sequelæ of this illness promise to be appalling. Most of us have admitted, in loose fashion, that we were likely in a new enterprise to make blunders; but few anticipated such colossal and fatal mistakes as we have been led into, without our consent, within the last few months.

No one dreamed, for example, (1) that we should break our pledge not to seek extension of territory by force of arms; or (2) that we should repudiate without explanation our promises to our allies in Luzon, whatever these pledges were. We have (3) failed to conciliate these people, once our allies, or even to appear to try to conciliate them. We have (4) refused for months to give them any answer to their questions as to our plans. We have (5) rejected or insulted their envoys. If the determination of policy rests with Congress, we have failed to tell them so, or (6) to arrange for a peaceful *modus vivendi* until Congress should meet. We failed (7) to take advantage of the hopeful beginning of civil government at Malolos. We have (8) played fast and loose with ourselves, talking in one breath of duties to civilization, in another of imperial conquest; in one breath of free constitutional rule in the islands, in another of industrial slavery and the demands of commerce. We have (9) adopted no policy of our own, in the hope, apparently, that chance—called "manifest destiny"—may give us what justice must refuse. We began war (10) on February 5, the general in charge using as an excuse a drunken escapade of natives for which their leaders were not responsible. We (11) refused their explanations, and their request for a neutral zone and a truce. We (12) have held

our army in such relations that friction with the natives was inevitable. We have (13) rejected all later offers of peace except on the outrageous terms of "unconditional surrender." We have (14) treated these people on their own soil as "rebels," in defiance of fact, of justice, and apparently in defiance of our own Constitution and of the recognized law of nations. We have (15) permitted a declaration of war to be virtually made by a general who at the best is regardless of statesmanship, and who is reported rarely to leave his office "where he devotes himself faithfully to the duties of a quartermaster's clerk." The operations of this most undemocratic war have been in part conducted (16) with the same waste and cruelty that roused us all to indignation in Cuba. The towns we occupy have been burned and looted; and the natives, rich and poor, educated and barbarous alike, have been alike shot or driven to the swamps. I suppose that successful warfare in tropical islands can be waged in no other way. Guerrilla warfare means devastation. Why not end the horror at once? We have nothing to gain by victory, nor our opponents anything to lose save their lives by defeat. Meanwhile, the most gigantic blunder (17) known to man or nation is to have to retrace false steps.

As matters are, we can only wait till the curtain falls. If in trying to do what seems wrong we have blundered so awkwardly, what would be the result of an attempt on the part of the powers that be to do what is right? In hands unskilful or unclean any policy is doomed to failure. The American people can only watch the play till it is played out, and maybe heed its lessons for the future. Meanwhile, the problem of what to do with Cuba and the Philippines is tenfold more difficult than it was a year ago.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, California, June 5, 1899.

SCORN NOT THE ASS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Have not "Philister's" critics, in THE DIAL of June 1, been a little harsh with that unfortunately constituted gentleman? His case seems to me one calling for compassion rather than anger. Would Professor Rice and S. E. B. trounce a blind man for speaking ill of Raphael, or a deaf one for flouting Beethoven? My own attitude toward "Philister" I have endeavored to convey in the subjoined stanzas. I trust he will see that, though the figure employed therein is homely, the sentiment is sincere.

LINES TO A TETHERED ASS.

(With apologies to Sterne.)

Pensive I view thee, thou poor drudge of Fate,
In thy small circumscribed abjectly tied,
While the rude elements tempestuous beat
Their pitiless tattoo on thy rough hide.

For thee the rose is scentless, and for thee
The fluting throat of Philomel is still;
Thy fairest dream is of a thistle-field
Where thou canst browse at ease and munch
thy fill.

I am not of thy scornors; for I see
How bare thy lot is, and how dim thy day:
My ear compassionate can e'en detect
A plaintive note in thy discordant bray.

W. R. K.

Pittsfield, Mass., June 6, 1899.

The New Books.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY IN PERSPECTIVE.*

It was while watching the progress of a friendship between two exceedingly unattractive boys — an attraction between two repellants — that I arrived at a sense of the possible charm of unlovely things. The connection of Beauty and the Beast is pathetic — in some minds for Beauty, in others for the Beast; but in the companionship of Beast and Beast, instead of a double pathos one finds a double beauty. This is a surprise that the hideous often contains for those who are apt to consider the non-existence of a quality proved by their inability to perceive it. Adroitly evaded as companions by their brighter eyed and more ready tongued kind, these two youths had discovered in each other — of necessity piercing below externals — that charm inherent in all humanity, the perception of which is love. The occasional wonder, to which we are all subject, as to whatever he saw in her or she in him, and why they married, is after all only a proof of our inferior and their superior sympathy or perception — in that especial case, of course. So, in view of the first repulsive impression of the bulk of Aubrey Beardsley's work, and the strongly expressed sympathy of such trained perceptions as Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Arthur Symons, it becomes somewhat of a duty to endeavor to understand what they saw in him, rather than to insist on what most of us don't see.

Of the three books dealing with Beardsley recently published, the smallest is a reprint of Mr. Arthur Symons's essay which originally appeared in "The Fortnightly Review." The next in size is a collection of fifty drawings, published without comment; and the last and largest is the sumptuous volume published by Mr. John Lane with a preface by Mr. H. C. Marillier. Mr. Marillier avails himself of Mr. Symons's essay to a degree which would seem to make that essay the authoritative statement, backed up as its spirit is, in my mind, by Mr. Pennell's generous-spirited letter to the "London Daily Chronicle" soon after Beardsley's death. To anyone who is trying to range

Beardsley's work in its relation to the absolute, Mr. Symons's critique is somewhat of a disappointment, as it deals mainly with Beardsley's work in its relation to Beardsley. Acknowledging the impossibility of entirely eliminating the personal equation, the real interest of the present moment would, however, seem to be rather the value of Beardsley's work in relation to ourselves and to our existence. Letting this unknown quantity be represented for the moment by x , we have, in considering these drawings, to remember three things: that they are the work of a young man who died at the age of twenty-six, that they are largely of that character we have agreed to describe as Pagan, and that, given a few more years of life, the young man would probably have gone altogether to the good. Mr. Symons indicates the beginning of this last process in referring to Beardsley's last drawings, in which, he says,

"Beardsley has accepted the convention of nature itself, turning it to his own uses, extracting from it his own symbols, but no longer rejecting it for a convention entirely of his own making. And thus in his last work we find new possibilities for an art which, after many hesitations, has resolved finally upon the great compromise, that compromise which the greatest have made between the mind's outline and the outline of visible things."

That is very good, both for Beardsley and for Mr. Symons, who has put an important principle very fealty and instilled a very definite regret that Beardsley died before these possible futurities were consummated. The statement enables us to transfer to x the third factor, that of Beardsley's probable *volte-face*, so that x = value of Beardsley's work to us and our existence — our regret at early death before it had any. This leaves the two factors of Beardsley's youth and his paganism; and looking over the drawings, one realizes that he was indeed young — bitterly young. An assumption of knowledge of good and evil — especially evil — seems inseparably connected with the inexperience of youth; but this phase, evident as it is in Beardsley, is slight compared with another — the impressionable quality with which he receives and records in rapid succession the many and varied influences of masters past and present.

Mr. Symons, in discussing Beardsley's work, assists us to an understanding of it with epigrams like this: "At one time of his life, a man works in order to please a woman; then he works because he has not pleased the woman; then because he is tired of pleasing her," — which is good as an epigram, but hardly uni-

*THE EARLY WORK OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY. With a Prefatory Note by H. C. Marillier. New York: John Lane. A SECOND BOOK OF FIFTY DRAWINGS. By Aubrey Beardsley. New York: John Lane.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY. By Arthur Symons. Unicorn Quarto, No. 3. New York: M. F. Mansfield and A. Wessels.

versal. We also find phrases such as "the spectacular vices," "sin transfigured by beauty and then disclosed by beauty," and he later tells us that "a profound spiritual corruption is a form of divine possession by which the inactive and material soul is set in fiery motion, lured from the ground into at least a certain high liberty. And so we find evil justified of itself, and an art consecrated to the revelation of evil equally justified." These illuminating sentences are powdered with descriptions of "bloated harlequins," "bald and plumed Pierrots," "leering dwarfs," "immense bodies swollen with the lees of pleasure," "cloaked and masked desires smiling ambiguously at interminable toilets." Anyone reading this essay before seeing the drawings would be justified in inferring that the dead artist did not draw very nice things; but somehow the general impression is that the essay and the drawings are concerned with something too artificial to be really evil. One might even argue from Mr. Symons's pleasure in his own descriptions that he himself is somewhat youthful; for "lees of pleasure" and "masked desires smiling ambiguously" are excellent terms, but terms derived rather from a good literary instinct than from any cryptic experience of the kind so darkly hinted at. And then, looking at the drawings and seeing the very evident and marked reflection of Burne-Jones, Botticelli, Velasquez, various Japanese artists, Dürer, Flaxman, and others, one is convinced that the character, plastic enough to receive so rapidly so many impressions, is youthful enough to be its own excuse for many errors of judgment. So it happens that when Mr. Symons says Beardsley expresses evil with an intensity which lifts it into a region almost of asceticism, there arises a mild impression that he is talking about a knowledge and an experience of evil which Beardsley could not and naturally did not express. The general impression given by most of the subjects of the drawings is truly one of much vulgarity; but to imply that the strange creatures therein represented are evil, or even unconventional, would be distressingly anthropomorphic. Mr. Wells, in his very exciting story "The War of the Worlds," has invented a race of Martians who cannot possibly be judged by our code of sexual morality, because they are bi-sexual, and reproduce by a budding-off process. Du Maurier did the same thing; so have others; and it would be uncritical, because the nice people I know usually take wraps to the theatre, to condemn the race invented

by Beardsley who conspicuously don't. They are evidently the product of different conditions, and different systems of ventilation, and cannot be judged by the standards by which we judge. As Mr. Wells's people, from our point of view, are neither moral, immoral, nor supra-moral, but are rather non-moral, so Beardsley's people at the theatre or other-whereas can only be described in the same way. They are a strange race to whom may well be applied the artist's comment on himself: "Par les dieux jumeaux tous les monstres ne sont pas en Afrique"; their ethical standard is unknown, and, frankly, they inspire one with no desire for further love or knowledge of them. Mr. Symons and Mr. Marillier apparently think them profoundly evil. I may miss the point; but then I have my consolations, and both gentlemen must know that we have seen the swollen bodies and lees of pleasure before, in Japanese work, rendered with a much greater skill than Beardsley's; and of them we have always said that, judged by occidental standards, they were rather low.

The terrible announcement of evil, which is insisted on so strongly, will, I think, when investigated, simmer down to an unpleasant vulgarity. Most terrible announcements and denunciations do, and the dwarfs and monkeys and swollen bodies, and so forth, cannot meanwhile obtain admission to the Palace of Art, on Mr. Symons's pretense that they are symbols. A symbol is something substituted by general consent for something else, and we are by no means agreed on these. The justification of this vulgarity in the minds of most, including Mr. Symons, is that "perfection of line is virtue."

"That line which rounds the deformity of the cloven-footed sin, the line itself, is at once the revelation and the condemnation of vice, for it is part of that artistic logic which is morality. And, after all, the secret of Beardsley is there, in the line itself rather than in anything intellectually realized which the line is intended to express."

Supposing the end it is wished to realize is a very ill-defined one, such as a terrible announcement of evil is likely to be, it is of course pleasant to find that the medium *per se* is charming. Still, to be insulted wittily, to be drugged sweetly, to be smothered with roses, are states achieved by means which may be consolations but are by no means compensations. That struggle with his material which is the despair of every artist may well account for Mr. Pennell's admiration of one who seemed to dominate his so easily, but it is hardly a

factor that can be transferred to *x*. Drawings of the sort that Beardsley did with such power over line and mass and decoration, always seem to me to be accurately described by reference to one of Poe's stories, "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar." M. Valdemar is mesmerized in *articulo mortis*. This arrested the natural post-mortem process, and retained the body in *statu quo ante mortem* for some months until the experiment of awakening him was made. As soon as the mesmeric influence was withdrawn, M. Valdemar became what seven months' death makes of us all. It is not a pleasant story, and those interested in details are referred to the original; but, taking Beardsley's power over mass and line as the parallel to the mesmeric force of the story, it seems as though in the majority of his drawings it were used in the same way — to arrest the natural decomposition of a mass of matter which can only be maintained in a horrid semblance of life, has no virtue in it, and were better entirely dead. It is not a pleasant use of power (reference is again made to Poe's story for details), but, however used, it is power; and it is undoubtedly in this very ability to delineate, to compose, to balance mass and void, to sustain a harmonious relation of line to line, of whole to unit, in this sensitiveness to organic relationship, we begin to get a hint of that charm, that fineness, which Beauty discovered in the Beast, and Mr. Pennell in Beardsley's drawings. By any trained or sympathetic perception, this inherent charm is doubtless at once divined; but it must not be forgotten how large a part loneliness must have played in quickening the perceptions of Beauty; the loneliness of a worker struggling with his material in the vastness of any art is a parallel situation, but one impossible to the multitude of us.

With all due credit, then, to Beauty and to Mr. Pennell for their generous perception, it is yet somewhat of a relief to consider how much emotional effort was economized, and how many apologies Beauty was saved by the translation of the Beast into a handsome Prince — that transformation which Mr. Symons mentions as occurring in Beardsley's last drawings, the possibility of which is evident in all. Beauty was probably as glad to be relieved from the strain of reminding herself that though hideous her husband had a beautiful disposition, as Mr. Symons must be at not having to sustain his paradox of an abstract spiritual corruption revealed in beautiful form. In the same way, most of us prefer the line of least

resistance; and we shall undoubtedly evade those drawings in which the subject is nasty but the drawing skilful, in favor of those in which the Prince's sense of life is conveyed in a fine smile rather than a sneer. This quality we find in such drawings as the "Chopin Nocturne" and "Ballade," the two Venus designs, "Les Revenants de la Musique," the outline portrait of Réjane, and most of the cover and catalogue designs. Herein we have the Prince (the fairy-tale Prince perhaps, somewhat light and glancing); Mr. Pennell is justified, and *x* ceases to be a merely minus quantity. For herein is the subject that attracts and induces us to linger until the innate quality penetrates also. Here we have no poor dead M. Valdemar maintained in an unconvincing semblance of life by a misuse of power, but life itself in a most delicate and evanescent aspect caught and depicted in a way that makes it a force in quickening the feeling for the delicate and fanciful in others. There never yet was anything but regret at the death of anyone who gave promise of ministering with power to the needs of the human character; and in that promise, and some slight beginnings of fulfilment, lies the value of Beardsley to us: not the thing he did for the most part, nor the thing he started others doing, but the work he gave promise of doing. That promise, scattered through his executed work, excites a regret, a deep and tender regret, he nearly missed, but which is nearer to fame than the notoriety he desired and achieved.

With regard to the books as books, it must be added that the Unicorn quarto came to pieces at the first possible opportunity, and Mr. Marillier's prefatory note in the large edition is, for a prefatory note bearing the address of Kelmescott House, vilely printed, ranging from a smudgy black to a very pale gray. The "Second Book of Fifty Drawings" is of course mainly interesting to those who have the "First Book," since it is a sort of addendum containing many drawings whose only interest is that they were done by A. V. B.

G. M. R. TWOSE.

THE "Cumulative Index to a Selected List of Periodicals," edited by the staff of the Cleveland Public Library, and published by the Helman-Taylor Co., has just appeared in its third annual volume, betokening a success that is richly deserved, and promising a permanent existence to what must have been at the outset a very doubtful venture. There are nearly eight hundred pages in this volume, making it much the thickest of the three thus far produced.

OUR NEW ISLAND POSSESSIONS.*

Our national events of the past year have opened a new door to old writers and developed a host of new ones. Book-stalls are already groaning under the burden of books descriptive either of the events of the year or of the lands touched by these events. The new and fresh works on these islands are a welcome addition to our geographical and ethnographical literature. Doubtless many who considered themselves well-read in matters of general interest could have told little about them a year ago.

The Philippine Islands especially were to the most of us an unknown land. One of the freshest and best of the accounts of this great archipelago, now the point of chief interest in our military affairs, is that written by Mr. Ramon Lala, a native Manilan, educated in England and in Switzerland, and now a naturalized American citizen. He is thoroughly conversant with his native land, its peoples, its former and present oppressors, its struggles for liberty, its customs, its resources and commercial importance. He writes as a man who has gathered his information at first-hand, and is enthusiastic in the telling of it. He sketches fluently the early history of the islands, the British, Dutch, and Chinese struggles on its shores, and the final Spanish colonial system of (mis)government. The poor Filipinos have been beaten, lashed, robbed, and almost crushed out of existence by long centuries of corrupt and vicious methods of control. But we cannot properly speak of the Filipinos as a nation: they are no nation. They consist of about eighty different tribes distributed among the hundreds of islands of the archipelago. They vary in the scale of civilization all the way from the educated Manilan or Tagalog to the wild men of central Mindoro or Mindanao, who recognize no superior authority, and know as little about the refinements of civilization. The whole group of islands registers in area not far from 150,000 square miles, or about as much as the combined

*THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. By Ramon Reyes Lala, a native of Manila. With 134 illustrations and two maps. New York: Continental Publishing Company.

THE PHILIPPINES AND ROUND ABOUT. By Major G. J. Younghusband, Queen's own Corps of Guides, etc. With eighteen illustrations and one map. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES: A View of the Past and a Glance at the Future. By Frederic M. Noa. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

OUR ISLAND EMPIRE: A Hand-Book of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands. By Charles Morris. With four maps. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

EVERYTHING ABOUT OUR NEW POSSESSIONS. By Thomas J. Vivian and Ruel P. Smith. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

areas of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware. Luzon and Mindanao are about equal to all of the other islands combined, and either one of them is nearly the size of Cuba. All of the islands are mountainous, and of volcanic formation. The principal peaks in Mindoro, Mindanao, and Luzon, rise more than eight thousand feet above the sea. The flora of the islands is beautiful beyond description.

"One that has never seen it can form no idea of the splendor of such a tropical forest — teeming with all that is brilliant and grand in nature. It would seem as if the Creator had emptied the cornucopia of his gifts over this garden-spot of the world, making it a veritable Eden."

This prodigious growth is forced by the humidity of the atmosphere, and by the enormous annual rainfall — averaging ninety inches. This botanist's paradise is not surpassed anywhere on the globe, either for the variety of its species or for the stupendous growths seen on every hand. Mr. Lala describes the principal agricultural industries of the islands, such as that of raising rice, hemp, tobacco, coffee, fruits, etc. The mineral wealth is supposed to be great, and its future a boon to the islanders. The volume closes with the American occupation of Manila and the long wait for the conclusions of the peace commission. Mr. Lala has done an excellent service for his native land, and, so far as we may judge from the scope of our reading, has done it in a fairly impartial manner, though leaving a more favorable impression of the Filipinos than found in other writers. The book is well written, very readable and instructive, and profusely illustrated. For an all-around view of the Philippines, it is surpassed in modern works only by that of Mr. Foreman.

Major Younghusband's work entitled "The Philippines and Round About" is a free-and-easy description of the Philippine Islands, Aguinaldo, Iloilo, Manila, Dewey's naval battle, the fall of Manila, Admiral Dewey, the American soldier, the career of Rizal, the future of the Philippines, Saigon, Java, etc. The value of his work lies in the fact that it gives the impressions of a widely-travelled, wide-awake, and straightforward Englishman. The "inside" information furnished on the events of the last three years in the Philippines is enough to arouse the ire of the most phlegmatic temperament. The Spanish methods of buying off Aguinaldo, of robbing merchants to pay fees and fill their own pockets, of wresting exorbitant fines, of bloody, almost indiscriminate, slaughter of suspects, furnish us examples

of the species of political and civil training that the Filipinos received at the hands of Spaniards. The author visited Aguinaldo at his own headquarters and paints in vivid colors what he saw.

"Aguinaldo is a young man of only twenty-nine years of age, stands about five feet four inches in height, is slightly built, and dressed in a coat and trousers of drab tussore silk. He is a pure Philippine native, though showing a slight trace of Chinese origin, of dark complexion and much pock-marked. His face is square and determined, the lower lip protruding markedly. On the whole a man of pleasant demeanor, even-tempered, and with strong characteristics. Slow of speech, and perhaps also of thought, his past career has hall-marked him as a man of prompt decision and prompt action. . . . A short time ago it appears that another of the insurgent leaders began to secure a following which bade fair to shake the supremacy of Aguinaldo. The President stayed to take no half measures, attempted no parleying; he grasped the nettle firmly, and ordering his reputed rival out into the courtyard, had him shot on the spot. . . . In conversation Aguinaldo professed his complete ignorance of the terms on which the English exercise jurisdiction over the protected states of the Malay Peninsula, and of how a dependency like India is governed, and capped his ignorance of the outside world by asking whether Australia was an island, and whether it belonged to America. . . . therefore it was no surprise to be asked whether the Americans or the English won the battle [of Omdurman]. In spite of the strict embargo placed on the importation of arms, Aguinaldo said that he was then expecting a large consignment of Mauser rifles and ammunition from a German firm."

The author attributes to Aguinaldo great credit for the manner in which he maintains his hold upon his people, and the determination which he exhibits to fight for complete independence. His criticisms of the American army are free and outspoken:

"The army and navy of America and their welfare are not in the hands of well-trying sages of the military and naval services, but are like many other vital matters — the shuttlecocks of political parties. . . . Without for a moment wishing to criticize too severely a force thus thrown together, under officers without standing, experience, or training, and remembering well what excellent troops men of the same nation were transformed into in the course of a prolonged campaign by leaders like Washington, Lee, or Grant, yet it would be only inviting the Americans to court future disaster if an outside critic were to refrain from expressing an opinion that such troops are not fit, under the rapid conditions of modern warfare, to meet an army highly organized and highly trained, and ready to take the initiative at a moment's notice. . . . We should be doing the Americans an unkindness if we allowed it to be thought that such tardy mobilization [as that shown at the beginning of the campaign in the Philippines] would not put them under the severest disadvantages if their antagonists happened to be any one of the first-class Powers of the world."

The author describes an arrangement with the Spaniards during the last days of the siege of Manila,

"Whereby the town was to be saved from bombardment, and the Americans, after the brief show of resistance which would satisfy Spanish honour, were to be allowed to enter and occupy the place. . . . The American fleet was for the space of an hour or so to shell the Polverina or Powder Magazine. . . . At the end of the given period the fleet was to cease firing, and the Spanish Governor would then hoist the white flag in token of capitulation, after which the American troops were to enter the town and occupy it."

The subsequent clash between the Spanish and American troops, on the eve of surrender, was due to a failure to see the proper signal. Major Younghusband's tributes to the valor, good behavior, and gentlemanly bearing of the American soldier must be noted as in striking contrast with that of the former occupants of the fortresses and camps about Manila.

"Fully 75 per cent of the men are mature, powerfully built fellows, averaging probably 24 or 25 years of age, fine strapping fellows, who would do credit to the Grenadier Guards, and taken all round a more powerful and hardy set than are now to be found in a British line regiment even after a prolonged foreign tour."

Mr. Noa's little book entitled "The Pearl of the Antilles" is a brief, concise statement of some of the Spanish movements which aroused and justified the Cuban struggle for independence. His access to sources and state papers not mentioned by other writers gives his book a kind of permanent value to students of Cuban history.

"Our Island Empire," by Mr. Charles Morris, is a handbook of the four groups of islands mentioned in the title — Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. The author has compiled useful material regarding each of these on such points as (1) history, (2) physical conditions, (3) natural productions, (4) civil and political relations, (5) centres of population, (6) manners and customs, (7) agricultural productions, (8) manufactures and commerce. A very good small map and an index accompany the volume — making it a kind of vade-mecum. Its information is not, as that of many new works on special islands, first-hand, but collated from many sources.

"Everything about Our New Possessions" is a compilation, much of it in statistical form, of some things only, rather than everything, about our new possessions. It contains many valuable facts gleaned from many sources; but lack of discrimination in the use of material, lack of harmony in matter taken from different sources, lack of any map or chart or table of contents, and a poor index, rather hastily decide the fate of this little book.

IRA M. PRICE.

THE ECONOMICS AND PHILANTHROPY
OF RUSKIN.*

Although much has been written about Mr. Ruskin's economic heresies, and about his social theories in general, it is interesting to learn the opinion of one who is himself known as an economist, if not a very orthodox one; and especially when the opinion is so clearly and attractively expressed as Mr. Hobson's always are. That he is an appreciative critic appears from the preface, where it is said:

"Mr. Ruskin will rank as the greatest social teacher of his age, not merely because he has told the largest number of important truths upon the largest variety of vital matters, in language of penetrative force, but because he has made the most powerful and the most felicitous attempt to grasp and to express, as a comprehensive whole, the needs of a human society and the processes of social reform."

The further claim is made that Mr. Ruskin "has done more than any other Englishman to compel people to realize the nature of the social problem in its wider related issues affecting every department of work and life, and to enforce the supreme moral obligation of confronting it"; and again, he is called "the man who, by the conjunction of the keenest sense of justice with the widest culture and the finest gifts of literary expression, has succeeded in telling our age more of the truths it most requires to know than any other man."

But Mr. Hobson by no means permits his admiration to blind him to the economic defects of Mr. Ruskin's writings; on the contrary, he criticizes particular propositions more in detail than one feels to be really necessary. Minute dissection is not the kind of examination which seems most appropriate to Mr. Ruskin's political economy; the exaggeration of eloquence leaves many points vulnerable, and yet the shafts of criticism aimed at these may leave the main body of the argument untouched. But at any rate, it speaks well for the real worth of Mr. Ruskin's philosophy that so severe a critic can be at the same time so enthusiastic a disciple. And it fulfils the saying of Mr. Ruskin himself, that no true disciple of his would ever be a Ruskinian:—"he will follow, not me, but the instincts of his own soul, and the guidance of its Creator."

However open to criticism Mr. Ruskin's political economy may be in certain details, there are other points at which it will bear the closest scrutiny. In some of his word-contests with the orthodox economists of his time he but antici-

pated the more scientific economics of to-day. There is no more representative example of this than his insistence upon the fundamental importance of Consumption, as the human end for which the industrial processes of Production, Distribution, and Exchange all exist. To take a mere matter of nomenclature for another example (for Mr. Ruskin never thought the abuse of the Queen's English an unimportant matter), the economists now approximate his use of the word "cost" as meaning human disutility, and when they mean money cost or expense instead of real cost they now think it worth while to say so. Even in denying the name of Political Economy to the orthodox industrial science of his day, and calling it Mercantile Economy instead, Mr. Ruskin was right, and doubtless meant to enforce a lesson which might have been learned, or at least begun, with "The Wealth of Nations" for a primer. For a long time after Adam Smith's day economic theories were evolved with a notable disregard for the political or social point of view, and even Mill professed to consider only "some of their applications to social philosophy."

In Mr. Hobson's view, the most revolutionary of Mr. Ruskin's positions is his use of the term "value" to mean intrinsic usefulness instead of value in exchange; yet in that too he only amplified Adam Smith's conception of "value in use." While that is not just the sense in which the term is used by economists to-day, it is a use quite consistent with, and following naturally from, or else leading logically to, his subjective conception of cost; and the economists have at least gone far enough in the same direction to see that value is largely a subjective phenomenon. Mr. Hobson attaches so much importance to the reduction of cost and utility to their true bases in human joy and pain, that he is led to say of Mr. Ruskin's work that it "will hereafter be recognized as the first serious attempt in England to establish a scientific basis of economic study from the social standpoint." We must at least admit, if we are reasonably unprejudiced, that while Mr. Ruskin may have been as far from the literal truth on some points as were the economists whom he held up to ridicule and scorn, he has proved on the whole a true prophet; and true prophets are as rare and as valuable to society (in the Ruskinian sense) even as scientific economists. They are not as valuable in the commercial sense, of course, because no one cares to pay a prophet a salary for merely

* JOHN RUSKIN, SOCIAL REFORMER. By J. A. Hobson. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

being a true prophet; they must "get out and hustle" with the rest of us. Even a prophet who is lucky enough to have prosperous and thrifty forbears is likely to spend his fortune and most of his earnings in good works, as Mr. Ruskin has done.

It is in Mr. Ruskin's politics, rather than in his economics, that Mr. Hobson finds the most fundamental errors, and points out certain apparent inconsistencies, not of word or phrase merely, but of very substance, which are difficult to harmonize. Mr. Ruskin is at once a good deal of a socialist and an arch-individualist: the latter because of his aristocratic instincts, reinforced by the philosophy of Carlyle, and the former owing perhaps to the negative influence of the mercantile economists. At times he recognizes that the democratic movement is inevitable, and not altogether to be regretted; yet again he seems to stake the future upon the virtue of a ruling class to be composed of a regenerated nobility. If Mazzini, with whom he has much in common, had been his master in politics instead of Carlyle, his whole social philosophy would have been more consistent; for it would have lost much of its individualism, and with it the dependence upon aristocracy, and gained more of collectivism and the democratic spirit. To be sure, democracies need often to be reminded that they must have trained leaders—that politics is a science and administration a profession; but the reminder would have carried more weight with Englishmen and the sons of Englishmen if the democracy of the message had been more apparent.

Mr. Ruskin deserves to be called a social reformer quite as much because of his own actual attempts to improve matters as on account of the ideas expressed in his books; but Mr. Hobson gives no complete account of these experiments, though he devotes one chapter to a few of them, including especially the St. George's Guild and the revival of hand weaving and spinning. He also tells something about the principal institutions and associations which serve as monuments to Mr. Ruskin by carrying out his ideas, such as the Museum at Sheffield begun by the master himself, the Home Arts and Industries Association, the Ruskin Linen Industry of Keswick, the craft school in Westmoreland, and the Ruskin Societies at Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, and elsewhere in both England and America. To many readers this will prove the most interesting part of the book; but they will wish there

were more about the Working Men's College, the improved tenements, and even the "Hinksey diggin's," and something at least about the tea-shop and the street-cleaning. Perhaps Mr. Hobson thought these matters sufficiently treated in Mr. Collingwood's "Life"; but there is other material in various out-of-the-way places,* and it would seem well worth someone's while to bring it all together. One growing class of Mr. Ruskin's admirers would like above all to know more about Mr. Ruskin's influence upon the University Settlement movement; they know that the idea was born at his house, at a meeting in which he had called together a handful of university men who were already living in East London, but no one seems to know just how much of the plan was conceived by Edward Denison and John Richard Green, and how far it was Mr. Ruskin's own. There is a remarkable correspondence between the activities of the Settlements and Mr. Ruskin's conception of the functions of Bishops, which suggests that both ideas may be products of the same mind to a greater extent than has been supposed.

In giving to the world this guide to the study of the Ruskinian social philosophy, Mr. Hobson has performed a real service, for the philosophy in question is scattered through so many works, and sometimes expressed in such fanciful language, that most readers get but a hazy idea of what Mr. Ruskin's views really are. But, as Mr. Hobson says:

"The confusion, even chaos, of which some careless readers of Mr. Ruskin complain, yields to a clear unity of system as we regard the meanderings of his versatile intelligence from the standpoint of social justice, a plea for honesty of transactions between man and man. This unity of system is not indeed a mechanical unity, an objective system of thought, but rather a unity imposed by personal temperament and valuation. When we understand it, we understand John Ruskin, his personality, his view of life."

The tributes expressed and implied in this volume ought to gladden the heart of the grand old man at Brantwood, who believes his social and economic teachings to be the most important part of all his varied work. It is indeed rare that so radical an iconoclast comes to be so all but universally hailed as a true prophet during his lifetime, or even has the satisfaction of reading so sympathetic and discriminating an exposition of his heresies.

MAX WEST.

* For example, Mrs. Arnold Toynbee's account of Mr. Ruskin's road-making was given in "The Century" a year ago; and how he gave aid and comfort to Miss Octavia Hill is told in the Eighth Special Report of the Commissioner of Labor, p. 164.

STUDIES OF SOCIETY AND HUMANITY.*

Professor Giddings has followed his "Principles of Sociology" with a "text-book for colleges and schools." In the effort to reduce his material to more elementary form for young students, there is a gain in clearness of style, and at many points the author has wisely learned from his critics. The claim is made, in the "note to the reviewer," that there are important developments of theory not fully presented in the earlier and larger work: the analysis of the practical activities of social populations and of the motives from which they spring; coöperation; a fuller analysis of the social mind; civilization, progress, and democracy; and a new statement of psychological causes of social phenomena.

In essential features, and modes of thought and treatment, we have the same book as "The Principles of Sociology"; but at many points this virile writer has written his way to greater clearness and fresh points of view. It is very desirable that sociology should be presented from many sides by minds of different orders; and all students of the subject will be grateful for the many suggestive hints and interesting speculations of Professor Giddings. The teachers and the students who use this text-book for beginners ought to be put on their guard, however, against a certain danger in the writer's way of statement. This way may be illustrated by a part of the last chapter (p. 342), in which we are taught that our interpretations of our fellow-men are made by ascribing to them our own experiences. While there is an important truth in this statement, it needs more qualification in order to prevent imposing on the outer world our own subjective modes of thought. There is a confidence in some of the generalizations set down which does not seem justified by the present state of knowledge. At one place (p. 237) we read: "We are unable to ascertain very much about the earliest beginnings of human society." But in the immediate connection we have generalizations which would require quite complete and connected knowledge to justify. In one sentence we have a double affirmation of certainty which almost awakens scepticism (p. 240): "The process was undoubtedly the same in the early de-

velopment of spoken language in primitive human communities, except that the original process undoubtedly occupied a much longer time." In another place we have the unqualified assertion (p. 232): "There is hardly a single fact in the whole range of sociological knowledge that does not support the conclusion that the race was social before it was human, and that its social qualities were the chief means of developing its human nature." But the eminent naturalist Dr. L. F. Ward ("Outlines of Sociology," p. 90 ff.) seems to take precisely opposite grounds. The reader should at least take pains to compare the statements and see if the difference does not lie in different definitions of the word "social."

While it does give one a comfortable sense of finality and completeness to have his sociology served up in such neat, comprehensive, and authoritative form, one can hardly avoid the feeling that much work remains to be done. The solution here offered appears to be too easy, in view of the multitude of unsettled problems in all the sciences on which sociology depends. If, therefore, this strong, clear, massive book is used with youngsters, already too quick to catch the dogmatic spirit and be done with philosophy at a gulp, we would advise a companion volume of more modest scope. The true pedagogue will know how to start with outward expressions of social thinking, with local and verifiable phenomena, and lead the pupil up to these heights of bold speculation. And the teacher who realizes the peril of prematurely closing discussion under the spell of a powerful book will be careful to start inquiry as to the grounds of assertion. In doing this, the teacher will but obey pedagogic suggestions made by the author himself, but not by any means uniformly followed.

In the chapter on "The Theory of Society," the "law of least effort" is made to play a commanding rôle. The claim must not pass without critical challenge. "The law of least effort" has a place, but it is too vague, general, and negative to give a true cause of, say, the English Constitution, the world of Shakespeare, the million social aspirations which seek expression in Tennyson and Browning. The attempt to explain the psychical life by modes of reasoning applicable to the physical sphere is unsatisfying. The formula which is adequate for a wind or a stream breaks down when it professes to meet the demands of the infinitely wide processes and contents of spiritual being. The "law of least effort" does have place in the physical side of being which is correlated to the psychical. But premature identification of the two sides is not fruitful of discovery or explanation. One may agree with Professor Giddings (Preface, p. vi.) that the field of social phenomena should be outlined in high school and college, in order to coördinate politics, economics, ethics, and law, and yet see the necessity of having this text-book used by an instructor who knows enough of the history and schools of sociology to prevent his becoming a slave of any one of them.

*THE ELEMENTS OF SOCIOLOGY. By F. H. Giddings. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PRACTICAL SOCIOLOGY. By C. D. Wright. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE CITY WILDERNESS. Edited by Robert A. Woods. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST. By W. A. Wyckoff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

OUT OF MULBERRY STREET. By Jacob A. Riis. New York: The Century Co.

THE STANDARD OF LIFE, AND OTHER STUDIES. By Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THAT LAST WAIF; or, Social Quarantine. By Horace Fletcher. Chicago: The Kindergarten Literature Co.

THE CITY OF THE CHILDREN. By Frank Hird. Illustrated by D. Macpherson. New York: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels.

A certain university training in sociology would be necessary for one who proposed to use this or any other text-book in preparatory school or college. To these sentences of caution we may now add, in good conscience, that no one who professes to teach sociology has a moral right to neglect this volume.

The United States Commissioner of Labor is in the most advantageous position for preparing the materials for such a book as "Practical Sociology." The strength and limitations of this volume lie in the fact that the industrial and economic element is made the commanding feature of the discussion. This is entirely natural for one whose life has been devoted to collecting and interpreting materials of the economic order. In this field of thought, Mr. Wright's book presents more abundant stores of fact than any similar publication. The statistical matter is actually made interesting. Nor would it be fair to say that the author neglects those social values which are the really ultimate ends of wealth itself and of political organization. Indeed, the idealist is delighted to find everywhere a frank recognition of the cultural aims of enlightened humanity. But the limitation of the method of treatment may be seen in the meagre discussion of the æsthetic social interest, and the relatively large space given to industrial and commercial phenomena. Sociology still suffers from being in the frontier stage where the bare struggle for being monopolizes attention, and Aristotle's "well-being" loses its full meaning and is reduced to the economic order. This criticism does not signify that Mr. Wright has said too much on economics, when he talks as master and expert; but only that the complete presentation of so vast a subject cannot be made by any one mind. The student of society is here supplied with a mass of data of great importance, and is directed to abundant and valuable sources of information and discussion. The treatment is rather elementary and popular in form, and the spirit almost too optimistic. One is grateful that we have such a man as Mr. Wright at the head of our Department of Labor.

The papers relating to the work and studies of South End House, Boston, now collected into a volume entitled "The City Wilderness," deserve a fuller notice than can here be given. They constitute one of the most weighty and significant contributions ever made in America to the interpretation of crowded urban conditions and heterogeneous populations. The essays are not extemporized, but are the "hard-won gains of actual experience." Every phase of life is portrayed with a master-hand; the history of the district, the elements of population, the conditions of health, the work and wages, the secret of political corruption, tendencies to vice and crime, amusements, religion, education, charity, philanthropy, city government, are all adequately described. Students of social amelioration will here learn the price of progress and the grounds of hope.

It is far more satisfactory to read Mr. Wyckoff's story of "The Workers" in book form than in the fragments of magazine articles. The second vol-

ume is even better than the first. The author has grown in power of observation. He has learned at every step. He gains in respect for the working-man as he understands his situation and motives. Old residents of Chicago will learn something of their own city from this volume, and if readers are not moved to act for betterment they are incapable of response to one of the finest appeals ever made to the higher nature of man. Every city official should ponder the treatment given the street wanderers, and be led to study the achievements of Boston, New York, and Indianapolis. In the next generation these pictures of human beings, guiltless of crime, sleeping on stone floors in police stations, which reek with disease and swarm with vermin, will seem incredible. But there are the photographs, and here is the testimony of a sensitive scholar, finely bred, who lay down among the vagabonds that he might help to know and redeem them. Mr. Wyckoff's account of country life in the West is charming and cheering. It is a soul's rest after the tragedy of the city and its congested labor market and sweating dens.

If the public remains ignorant and apathetic in relation to the Unemployable, it will not be the fault of such writers as Professor Wyckoff and Mr. Jacob Riis. The latter's sketches of New York City life among the lowly are set forth by a master-hand, and tell the story with mighty pathos. One does not think of "literature," but of life, as he reads these stories. Here is one who has looked and thought and sympathized. He has watched the motley company which throngs the miserable streets and police courts of the metropolis, until he knows all their types of character, all their tragedies and comedies. When our cities become habitable, and the poor are decently provided for, and the slums are cleansed, and humanity is restored, among the sons of the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem, Mr. Riis will be in the front row to receive plaudits. To bless his name will arise Denny the Robber, John Gavin the Misfit, the foundling Chinese baby, the brave fireman whose story he tells, the policemen whose vices he reproaches while he glorifies their humanity and goodness. It is not high life; it is not beautiful, nor even clean; but divine elements are discovered, and the promise of better things. "Love hopeth all things."

The little volume of essays by Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet are fine illustrations of the working of a mind trained in the explanation of concrete phenomena of society. The paper on "The Standard of Life" is a trenchant treatment of a vital theme, and shows how definition and a certain ideal of comfort and culture help working people to stand firmly in the regulation of their own conduct and in facing the employers in unions. The criticism of a philanthropy which thoughtlessly helps to make wages lower is just and telling. The essay on the psychology of social progress is clearly written, and helps to grasp some of the elementary notions of social psychology. The treatment of the

education of women is instructive, without giving a new contribution to our knowledge.

Full of social optimism and confidence in the regenerating power of kindergartens is Mr. Horace Fletcher, the genial friend of little children. "That Last Waif" is a phrase which shows confidence that the "unfit" are soon to disappear from the streets of our sodden cities. Perhaps the author has not counted in all the adverse forces which biologists and teachers are compelled to measure in their depths. Perhaps he has not made full account of heredity and the momentum of tradition. But then, he sees the hopeful side, and he urges the most timely measure of progress. It is a pleasure to call attention to the scheme which the affable author calls "Social Quarantine"—especially as all profits of his publication go to kindergarten work.

The little volume entitled "The Cry of the Children" draws its illustrations from English city life. The author has evidently studied at first-hand the occupations of young children in box making, belt and umbrella making, paper bags and sack making, artificial flower making, furniture polishing, and canal life. One may hope that this constant reiteration of the wrongs of children will help to promote the movements on their behalf—kindergartens, parental schools, clubs, settlements, factory inspection, compulsory education, and kindred measures.

C. R. HENDERSON.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*McCarthy's
19th century
England.*

The reader not already familiar with the details of English history will have considerable difficulty in understanding just what historical connection exists between the subjects chosen for elaboration by Mr. Justin McCarthy in his "England in the Nineteenth Century" (Putnam). There are in the first volume eleven chapters, each treating of some interesting event or political movement, but each leaving the impression of a separate essay whose exact bearing on or relation to that which precedes or follows it is difficult to determine. Nor is the work as a whole up to Mr. McCarthy's usual standard. Never an exact historian, it is the less surprising that he repeats at length the errors of the popular historian in the old tale of Canning's superlative prescience, and (by inference) Castlereagh's feeble grasp, in diplomatic affairs. Canning is pictured as alone responsible for England's emergence from the toils of the Holy Alliance,—a fable long accepted by politicians, but never seriously asserted by any careful student of British state papers. Mr. McCarthy's carelessness in historical statement is illustrated also by his calm assertion of another historic lie,—namely, that the Holy Alliance of 1815 did at that time definitely intend the suppression of all revolutionary movements in Europe. The chief merits of previous works by this author have been

readableness and attractive characterizations; and it is in respect to these features that the present work is not up to the usual standard. Haste is evident in every chapter, and here and there extraneous matter is inserted as if having come to mind at the moment of writing. The vim and movement usual with the author are utterly lacking, and the volume sinks to a dull level depressing in its effect upon the reader. Coming from Mr. McCarthy, the work is a distinct disappointment.—The second volume (received since the above was written) in no way alters the opinion formed from a perusal of the first volume. Carelessness in language, in statement of fact, and in generalization, constitute its shortcomings. For example, on page 171 of the second volume the misleading generalization, "the whole ambition of the Emperor Napoleon's life was to restore the glories of the great Napoleonic time," is given, and in the same paragraph the inaccuracy of detail is shown in crediting to Prince Napoleon rather than to Thiers the saying that "the Emperor Napoleon III. had twice taken Europe in! first when he made her to believe him to be a dullard, and next when he made her to believe him to be a statesman." On the whole, however, the second volume is more readable than the first, because of a better selection of topics illuminating England's history. Yet Mr. McCarthy's reputation for entertaining and fairly accurate historical writing will not be benefited by the present work.

*Critical essays
from the French.*

The translator of the critical essays of M. René Doumic has done well in taking no one book of his, but rather making a selection. M. Doumic's volumes have not, as a rule, much logical unity: they gather up the essays of a year or two, much as it may chance. In each volume a good many of the subjects are more interesting to the French reader than they would be to the American. But by selecting from several books the essays on the novelists, Miss Mary Frost has made an attractive collection in "Contemporary French Novelists" (Crowell). People have heard more of French novelists than of French poets, preachers, or critics. So far as these latter are concerned, they have probably heard something of M. Doumic himself, because he was here in America a year ago, and because he writes for the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Those who regard that standard periodical as the cream of French literature naturally regard M. Doumic as a critic both sound and rare. For ourselves, we have but a general interest in M. Doumic's criticism. It has not the attraction of the academic quality (so characteristic of France when it is at its best) that one may find in the work of M. Gaston Deschamps or M. Gustave Larroumet, to mention but two critics who are in the habit of collecting their work. Nor has it the free-lance cheerfulness of M. Jules Lemaitre, or of that Thelemite of letters M. Anatole France. Nor has it the curious leaven that one may detect in the writing of M. Henry Bordeaux or

M. Paul Desjardins. Of course a man need not have these things, or anything like them, to be good. M. Brunetière has not them; he has something else. What has M. René Doumic? Well, he is objective; he has chiefly facts and inferences. He regards literature as the product of men of letters; therefore, this book is on novelists rather than on novels. He has pretty definite ideas of what is worth doing, and a great deal of common sense; so that his criticism, even if not very stimulating, is pretty sound. The present translation is not a model of excellence. Miss Frost has allowed herself various liberties: she has sometimes quite disregarded the original arrangement of paragraphs and sections, a matter about which modern French essayists are rather particular; she has always omitted a sentence or two when she felt like it; she has sometimes overstepped the conventions of mood and tense, so as to offer us a freer translation than would be otherwise possible. We do not think, however, that she has anywhere really perverted the meaning of the original, so that those who want merely the ideas of the original will be pretty sure to find them.

*The problem
of the tides.*

The fact that the regular diurnal variations in the level of the sea, as observed in varying degrees at all sea-ports, are caused by the moon and the sun, was ages ago recognized. The modern theories of gravitation and of the translation of wave movements have accounted for most of the complicated and often contradictory phenomena, leaving yet much that is difficult of comprehension, so remote and so subtle are the influences in action. Professor George Howard Darwin, of Trinity, Cambridge, elucidates the subject in a well-devised course of lectures given in 1897 at the Lowell Institute in Boston, and now issued in book form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The range of the phenomena described and discussed is of the widest. From tidal activities detected in lakes and in enclosed seas, in the estuaries of rivers, in the earth's interior, it extends to other planets, particularly to Saturn, to the forms of nebulae, and to the movements of double stars. The terrestrial tides are discussed as to their causes, their place of beginning and progressive movements, the prediction of their recurrence at specified ports, their influence upon the earth's figure, the periods of its rotation, and upon the revolution of the moon. On the crucial point, the attempt to show how the attraction of the moon can cause a heaping up of the waters upon the side of the earth opposite the moon involves the usual obscurity of representing a reversal of forces, as indicated in figure 22 on page 100. The influence of a centrifugal force, resulting from the revolution of the earth about the centre of gravity of the system composed of the earth and the moon, is brought into the account, properly of course, so far as it goes. But the centrifugal force generated in the time of a lunar revolution can have little part in the production of a result like the reverse terrestrial tide which is a matter

of daily occurrence. The key to the solution of the problem of the tidal form lies in the difference of the lunar force of attraction, as found at the centre of the earth and on the nearer and remoter surfaces. The distances of these representative particles from the moon vary as the numbers 51, 60, and 61, and the corresponding attractions vary as the squares of those numbers. The three particles may be figured by three boys holding to a rope and running in succession with forces corresponding to their strength or to the influences arousing them. If the three were of equal strength there would be no strain upon the rope. If the foremost boy were stronger and the rear boy weaker than the middle boy, the foremost will pull the middle boy forward; while the rear boy, being unable to keep up, though running with all his might, seems to pull back. But for the rope which drags him along he would fall behind, as do the waters on the remote side of the earth. All the particles of the earth are falling toward the moon—those on the nearer side with greater, those on the farther side with less, movement; consequently they are distributed over a greater space in the direction of the lunar force. The resulting figure of the earth is a prolate spheroid, such as any body assumes when falling toward a centre of attraction.

*Memories,
literary and
political.*

In "Wordsworth and the Coleridges" (Macmillan), Mr. Ellis Yarnall has written pleasantly of his acquaintance and friendship with some of the great men and women whom he met in the course of a long life. His recollections have to do with both England and America, and date back in the one case to the coming of Lafayette to America in 1824 and in the other to his own visit to England for the first time in 1849. Of the ten chapters which make up the book, the four dealing with Wordsworth and the Coleridges—Sara Coleridge and her two brothers, Hartley and Derwent Coleridge, and Sir John Taylor Coleridge and Lord Coleridge (late Lord Chief Justice of England)—constitute the *raison d'être* of the book. To these four chapters, which occupy about half the volume and give the work its title, are added various other memories, literary and political, treating of Charles Kingsley, John Keble, William Edward Forster, Oxford, and the House of Commons in the closing days of the American Civil War. Three of these chapters have been previously published in a more or less complete form. Mr. Yarnall's acquaintance with the men he writes of, with one or two exceptions, seems to have been too slight to enable him to ascertain the distinctive traits of character possessed by each,—a fact that has obliged him frequently to supplement his own opinions with those of others, and sometimes to introduce irrelevant matter into his book. His recollections impress us as being those of a sympathetic and appreciative visitor to the homes and haunts of certain great men, rather than the memories of an intimate friend. On the other hand, Mr. Yarnall's

style is easy and natural, and he has written a very readable book. He has recorded many of the wise sayings which fell from the lips of the men and women he met, and he has related some interesting incidents that are worth remembering. He has also told us something of the awe with which most people came into the presence of Wordsworth; something, too, of the beautiful old age of Mrs. Wordsworth; something of the traits of the wonderful author of "The Ancient Mariner" which could still be traced in the poet's children, Sara, Hartley, and Derwent Coleridge; and a good deal about the late Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Coleridge, with whom Mr. Yarnall was on terms of cordial friendship and with whom he carried on a correspondence which extended over a period of thirty-seven years,—all of which was well worth the telling.

The American acting drama.

We are hardly familiar enough with the American acting drama of to-day to be able to judge whether or not it is proper to regard Mr. Augustus Thomas's "Alabama" (Russell) as properly representative in a series that includes some of the finest dramatic work done of late in France and Germany. We should incline to hope (if nothing more) that we had something a little more serious to offer; but we may demand more than there is. M. Rostand is certainly a distinguished figure in the French drama of to-day, Hauptmann in the German: possibly America is fitly represented by Mr. Augustus Thomas. "Alabama" is an American play. It deals with peculiarly American situations,—namely, such as might arise in the influx of Northern capital and energy into the South, some twenty years after the war. It deals with American characters, too; Northern men of business and Southern planters. The play is thus perhaps as representatively American as anything we have, although personally we should have preferred one of Mr. Harrigan's Irish and Negro conglomerates, or one of Mr. Hoyt's racy eccentricities, or something like "The Old Homestead" or "Shore Acres." These plays seem to us to be more typical of some aspects of our civilization than "Alabama" is of others. Yet there is no use grumbling in such an embarrassment of riches. Perhaps the courage of Mr. Thomas in printing his play will lead others to follow his example. It is the first step that costs: we hope it will not cost Mr. Thomas and Mr. Russell very much, for we want to see more American dramas in print.

Completion of Ratzel's History of Mankind.

The final instalment (Volume III.) of Professor Ratzel's great work on "The History of Mankind" in an English dress (Macmillan) presents the same characteristics as the preceding volumes, which have been fully noticed in these columns. The present volume is loaded with good cuts of ethnic types and ethnographic objects, and is supplied with some excellent colored plates and maps. In Book IV. the discussion of the Negro Races is completed by

chapters upon the Africans of the Interior and the West Africans. The final division of the work, Book V., deals with the Cultured Races of the Old World. In following the discussion of African negroes, we are constantly impressed by their political instability: how many kingdoms have risen suddenly to power, and as suddenly have disappeared, leaving no trace! Preliminary to the study of the Cultured Races of Africa and Asia, the author considers the desert and nomadism most suggestively. Islam and its influence are fairly treated. Considering the great size of the work, the conditions described are astonishingly up to date. Recent political events in Africa and Asia are taken into the account. The discussion of China—social and religious—is good; that of the European peoples is less notable. In a work of so wide scope, full and detailed accounts of peoples cannot be expected: Professor Ratzel has done wonderfully well in giving so much as he does. The subject and plan of the work necessitated dry and terse statement. Still, it is unfortunate that Ratzel could not have fallen into the hands of a better translator. The English could hardly be more difficult and obscure; the author's meaning is sometimes lost; the grammar is bad. The translator does not appear to know either authors or literature. He several times refers to Crawford as Crawford. Where English authors are quoted, it appears that their original statement is not looked up, but is retranslated. These translator's faults, manifest and constant, will prevent this English edition of *völkerkunde* from becoming popular. The work is, however, too valuable to students to be neglected, and will become an important book of reference.

"More" from Max Beerbohm.

Mr. Max Beerbohm has been rather ingenious in making criticism on his later book "More" (John Lane) impossible. In criticism of any such book the all-important thing is point of view. Now the most obvious point of view for the critic of Mr. Beerbohm to take is that of Mr. Beerbohm himself: a proceeding quite out of the question, not because it would be difficult, but because it would be imitative and therefore silly in anyone except the gifted author. And any other point of view would also be impossible, for it would have to be either in earnest or not. One cannot, of course, consider these bits in earnest. And if one is to think of them affectedly, one is practically in the position of trying to go beyond Mr. Beerbohm or else to vary from him, neither of which acts is self-respecting. We say nothing, then, except that one should not read these essays in a rage. This may seem a needless caution, but Mr. Beerbohm's earlier labors did arouse rage in some hearts. These latter works will not be likely to do so; in fact, in our heart they have aroused on the whole pleasure. One thing only we rather regret: we are quite unable to regard Mr. Beerbohm as a great thinker, veiling his ideas under a trivial form. We find a good many very sensible remarks here and

there in his essays; but we cannot think of him as a deliver after truth. He has no message to his time; and that is a pity. The gifted man whom he so sedulously imitates did have a message, though he would have been zealous in denying the fact. Perhaps further and more careful study of Mr. Beerbohm would have shown that he has one, too; but we doubt it. Still, we commend a study of the question to those who find themselves some summer afternoon with nothing of greater importance to do. The book is of a size suitable for a hammock.

*Two forgotten
men of letters.*

The two names Pollok and Aytoun will raise in many no answering recollection. "The Bon Gualtier Ballads" have hardly survived the half-century, and "The Course of Time" has had even a shorter life. Yet Mrs. Masson's volume on these two "Famous Scots" (imported by Scribner) is worth reading for all that. It is a book which is more interesting on account of the considerations it gives rise to, than on account of the facts it details. These two men may be said to be a typical pair: the one, a poor and hard-working Scotch ploughboy student, working at divinity and literature by the hardest toils, and reaching fame and position only a short season before his death; the other, the well-to-do man of literary tastes and inclinations, passing a pleasant and appreciated life as contributor to "Blackwood's" and professor of *belles-lettres*. By all proper expectation, the former should be the real genius whose poetic fire still shines for the delectation of lovers of letters, and the latter should be merely the literary man of the hour whose productions have closely followed him into obscurity. The fact is, however, that the hard-working genius and the well-to-do *litterateur* are both forgotten, one almost as thoroughly as the other, with the odds against the genius. It is curious how often poetic justice is foiled. In spite of the prosaic harshness of destiny, Mrs. Masson's book is, as we have said, pleasant to turn over. We might think her a bit frivolous in her manner of dealing with so sacred a topic as a man of genius; still, this is better than taking the matter too seriously. Beside the frivolities and the necessities of her narrative, she often turns a good phrase on her own account — "the opal wonders of the Western Highlands," for instance.

*Mrs. Meynell's
new volume.*

When we last wrote of Mrs. Meynell, as we remember, we regretted a little that her work was becoming better known. Literary likings have three phases: first, they are enthusiasms; then, cults; then, fashions. All literary likings do not go through these three phases. The "Rubaiyat," however, is a very perfect instance of all: first, in the seventies, when it was the passion of a few individuals; then, in the eighties, when it was the esoteric possession of various coteries; now, in the nineties, when it has become an ordinary drawing-room dissipation. Mr. Kipling, however, skipped the second stage, and some people

have skipped the first as well. Browning will never reach the third, and Landor will never get even to the second. To return to Mrs. Meynell, who is on the border-land between a sincere enthusiasm and a cult. In certain circles it is getting necessary to "know" Mrs. Meynell, — meaning, of course, her writings; and we regret that pleasure in Mrs. Meynell's essays should become compulsory. Mrs. Meynell is an essayist of a high order. She does not sit among pigeonholes, like Miss Repplier, and decoct the choice treasure of her cells; nor drop bunches of artificial grass about the floors of modern salons, like Miss Guiney. She has her own mode of distinction, a mode that we tried to describe some time ago. It is a mode that demands something of reader as well as writer, — demands not more than it gives, certainly, but more than do most of the recent essays which are too often only the weekly wool-gathering of some mind that has wandered much in literature and life. We said, some years since, that the interest in Mrs. Meynell's essays lay largely in the temperament that they conveyed, in their quality. We think that this may be said of "The Spirit of Place" (John Lane); nor does it seem to us that the quality has changed in the last few years, or that its mode of expression has become less delicate and sure.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The "Cambridge" Milton (Houghton) is uniform with the other poets included in this favorite and inexpensive edition — that is, it forms a single volume with double-columned pages, has a portrait frontispiece, a compact body of notes, and an introductory essay. The latter, as well as the editing in general, comes from Mr. William Vaughan Moody, who has also provided prose translations of the Latin poems. Mr. Moody's introduction, considered both as biography and criticism, is an excellent piece of work.

Mr. George Burton Adams's handbook of European History (Macmillan) should be of great value to teachers of history, for it contains in concise form just the material required in outlining for students the supplementary reading necessary in each epoch. The work is not in itself sufficiently expanded to be used as a text-book, — indeed, it was not the author's intention that it should be so used, — but taken as a basis for a lecture course, or for the seminary method of study, it will serve as the best of guides. It is particularly strong in well-selected references to such works in English, or in translation, as are easily obtainable, at small expense, by any school or college library.

The following French texts are of recent publication: Augier et Sandeau's "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" (Holt), edited by Dr. Stuart Symington; a "Précis de l'Histoire de France" (Macmillan), by Professor Alcée Fortier; and an abbreviated "Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane" (Heath), prepared by Professors Adolphe Cohn and Robert Sanderson. An Italian text is Goldoni's "Un Curioso Accidente" (Heath), edited by Dr. J. D. M. Ford, who also edits a Spanish text of "El Si de las Miñas" (Ginn), by Moratin.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. B. H. Sanborn & Co. publish a school edition of "The Ancient Mariner," edited by Dr. John Phelps Fruit.

Mr. Moses Grant Daniell has edited for Messrs. Ginn & Co. a school edition of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

"Scotland's Share in Civilizing the World," by the Rev. Canon Mackenzie, is a recent publication of the Fleming H. Revell Co.

The Macmillan Co. send us "Bible Stories" from the New Testament, edited by Mr. R. G. Moulton, and published in "The Modern Reader's Bible."

A "Glossary to Accompany 'Departmental Ditties' as written by Rudyard Kipling" is the title of a small book just published by Messrs. M. F. Mansfield and A. Wessels.

"Retrospects and Prospects" (Scribner) is a posthumous volume of miscellaneous essays by Sidney Lanier, collected from various sources, and primarily historical in their interest.

"The Athenian Archons of the Third and Second Centuries before Christ," by Mr. William Scott Ferguson, appears as Volume X. of the "Cornell Studies in Classical Philology," published by the Macmillan Co.

"The Metaphor: A Study in the Psychology of Rhetoric," by Miss Gertrude Buck, is published by the Ann Arbor Inland Press, in the series of "Contributions to Rhetorical Theory," edited by Professor Fred Newton Scott.

"A History of the American Nation" (Appleton), by Professor Andrew C. McLaughlin, is a text book of a highly satisfactory sort, intended for secondary schools. It comes down to the war in the Philippines, and is copiously illustrated with maps and portraits.

Mr. L. G. Bugbee sends us pamphlet reprints of two papers on Texas history. "Slavery in Early Texas" first appeared in the "Political Science Quarterly" and "Some Difficulties of a Texas Empresario" in the publications of the Southern History Association. Both are interesting and important contributions to the annals of the State.

A paper on "International Courts of Arbitration," written in 1874 by Thomas Balch of Philadelphia, and published in the London "Law Magazine and Review," has now, owing to the renewed timeliness of its theme, been reissued in book form by Messrs. Henry T. Coates & Co., and edited by Mr. Thomas Willing Balch, a son of the author.

Burke's "Conciliation" speech, edited by Mr. Sidney Carleton Newsom; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," edited by Mr. Henry W. Boynton; and Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite," edited by Mr. Percival Chubb, are recent additions to the Messrs. Macmillan's series of "Pocket English Classics."

The proceedings of the Chicago anti-imperialist meeting of April 30 have just been published in a pamphlet of about fifty pages, and constitute an impressive and weighty statement of the reasons which have impelled the larger part of the sober-minded public to protest against the war in the Philippine Islands. The addresses of President Rogers, Bishop Spaulding, Professor Laughlin, and the other speakers, are given in full, and the whole is issued as the first of a series of "Liberty Tracts" to be published by the Central Anti-Imperialist

League. Copies of the pamphlet may be obtained from Mr. Edwin Burritt Smith, 415 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

In speaking of the new edition of Baedeker's "United States" (Scribner), we find that we hardly did justice to the revisions that have been made since the first edition was published. They include six new maps and plans, new railway routes, revised statements of Mexican and Alaskan routes, an extended bibliography, and an account of Greater New York. On the other hand, the vigilance of the editor has not been sufficient to avoid an occasional slip, such as the naming at the head of the list of Chicago hotels and restaurants of an establishment that ceased to exist some two years ago.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 68 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

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- Shakespeare in France under the Ancient Régime. By J. J. Jusserand. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 436. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.
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